MAN WHO BROKE UP THE MOLLY MAGUIRE GANG

Eventful Career of James McParlan, Well Called Greatest of Detectives.

Thirty-Four Years After His Wonderful Achievement in Pennsylvania, He is the Center of Interest for His Work That Was Responsible for the Present Sensational Trials at Boise, Idaho — Lived for Years Among the "Mollies," Where His Life Literally "Hung by a Thread."

Philadelphia.—While there is but slight resemblance between the horrible crimes committed in the mining regions of Idaho and Colorado and the bloodcurdling deeds perpetrated in the mining regions of Pennsylvania a generation ago, there is this extraordinary link betwen them, that the same man was instrumental in procuring the most important evidence for the government in both cases.

James McParlan, easily the greatest of living detectives, did more than any other one man to break up that terrible organization known as the Molly Maguires. James McParlan, 34 years later, drew from Harry Orchard in the Idaho penitentiary a "confession" of more awful crimes than the Mollies ever dared to contemplate.

For more than 20 years the Mollies flourished in the anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania. The organization was started before the civil war. It took its name from the ancient band of Irish Ribbonmen, who, disguised as women, made forays. They were named from Cornelius Maguire, baron of Enniskillen, who in 1641 took part in the Irish rebellion. The spirit which animated the Pennsylvania society was, however, entirely different from that of its prototype.

Membership in the Mollies was not confined to miners. There were saloonkeepers, tradespeople, artisans, officeholders and men of no occupation in the organization. By whom it was started, and for what purpose, have remained secrets. Its motto was "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," and the meetings of the lodges and of the county conventions were opened with prayer. Then, after prayer, the business of making plans for assassination would be taken up.

It was not, however, until in the early 60s that murders became frequent. Some boss of a mine, some obnoxious policeman who had clubbed a drunken Molly, some miner who had incurred some displeasure of a member of the order, or some citizen who had spoken of it disrespectfully would be either beaten within an inch of his life, or murdered occasionally. But the crimes were sporadic. During the civil war they increased rapidly in number, and by 1871 there was a reign of terror in the whole anthracite region, extending over five counties. During that year and the year following there were 48 murders and innumerable assaults and crimes against property.

McParlan Becomes a Molly.

Gradually the enmity of the Mollies was directed toward the mine owners and the railroad corporations. One boss after another, who had made himself unpopular with the miners, was murdered. Mines were blown up or filled with water. Railroad property was burned or destroyed. Finally President Gowan, of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company, seeing that the city and state authorities were powerless, determined to call on the Pinkertons for aid. They sent McParlan to the scene. That was in 1873, when McParlan was 29 years old.

McParlan came from the Pinkertons' Chicago office. He was born in Ireland, had come to this country when a young man and had had considerable experience with the world. Short and slightly built, but muscular, of fair complexion, with dark hair, broad forehead and gray eyes and wearing glasses, he presented a gentlemanly appearance. He had been coachman, policeman, clerk in a liquor store and had finally gone into business for himself. The Chicago fire wiped him out. Then he went to work for the Pinkertons.

Following his instructions to learn all he could about the Mollies, McParlan went to Pottsville, Pa. He changed his name to McKenna. He got acquainted with everybody. He was looking for work in the mines. He could sing a good song, dance a jig, pass a rough joke, be polite and attentive to the girls, drink his share of whisky and pay for it, and was always ready for a row or shindy of any kind. He was just a rollicking, impulsive, generous, careless, unreasonable, quarrelsome, devil-may-care Irishman.

He got a job in a mine. He insisted on working in his best clothes. Soon his coat was thrown aside, then his vest, and finally his shirt. He perspired and suffered under the unwonted toil. He soon learned, however, that it was not as the skillful miner or as the industrious laborer that admission to or influence in the Mollies was to be obtained.

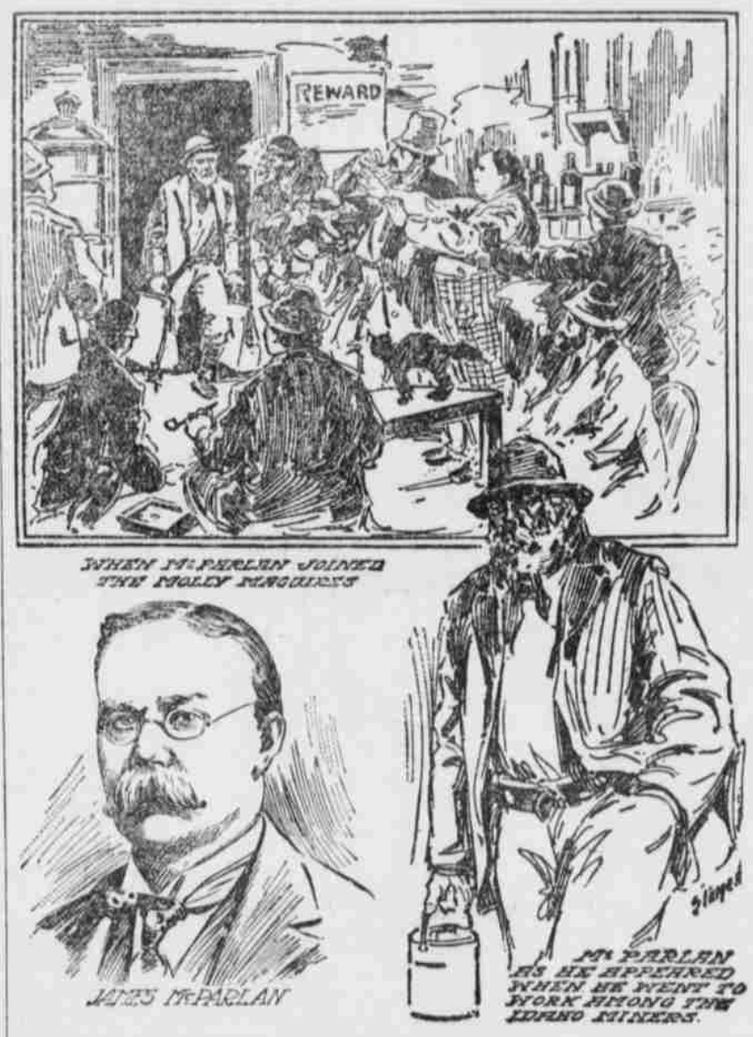
So he gave that up and cajoled a half-drunken saloonkeeper into divulging some of the secrets of the organization. He got a few of the signs and passwords. With these he was enabled to palm himself off as a Molly, saying that he had been a member of the organization elsewhere, and had been obliged to leave the place on account of a crime he had committed. This raised him in the esteem of the Mollies and he was admitted to full membership and to their confidence. He had, however, to be initiated over again, because members of one lodge or division could not be admitted to the deliberations of other lodges or divisions.

Prominent in the Order.

To attain his ends McParlan found that he would have to out-Molly the Mollies. He intensified the character he had first assumed. He became a loud brawler. He boasted of having committed all crimes, from petty larceny to murder. He was ready to drink, sing, dance, court a girl or fight. He pretended sympathy with the perpetrators of a crime after its commission, which he had been unable to prevent and the full details of which he was anxious to discover. He became secretary of his division. At meetings of the order he was the loudest talker and the biggest Molly of them all. But he never asked a man to join the order, and he never by word or deed suggested or encouraged a crime.

Circumstances compelled him to drink a great deal of bad whisky. He became sick in consequence. His hair fell out. He lost his eyebrows. His eyesight became impaired. He looked like a freak with his green spectacles, bald pate, rough shirt and old linen coat swaggering through the streets. No one suspected Jim McKenna, or dreamed that he was at work night and day gathering evidence that was to bring to a close the awful reign of terror.

Every night his reports went to the Pinkerton office in Philadelphia. That is the strangest part of the whole strange experience. He was in constant communication with his employers, and for more than two years he was never once suspected of being a detective. He warned many men who



were doomed to death by the Mollies He attended all the meetings of his division. He kept on the best of terms with everybody.

Suspected at Last.

Whenever he was detailed by the Mollies to commit some crime or to participate in the commission he always found some plausible excuse. But events moved swiftly. The evidence which he was furnishing gradually tightened the coils around the Mollies. One arrest followed another. And by and by it became apparent that some one was giving to the government all the secrets of the organization. One morning all the signs and passwords of the Mollies were published in every newspaper. Then there was no doubt that they had a traitor among them.

Suspicion fell upon McParlan. He had accidentally dropped a letter on the street. The Mollies accused him of treachery. He became indignant and brazened it out. He persuaded them that he was a terribly abused man. They begged his forgiveness. At least they all did except two of his brother officers in the order. The evidence against McParlan was too strong to be doubted. So they determined to kill him, not the next week, or the next day, but right off.

But McParlan gave them the slip, escaping only by the skin of his teeth. Sixteen men lay in wait to murder him, but he was warned just in the nick of time. Still he kept at his work, although he had another enemy to face. Outraged citizens had formed vigilance committees to retaliate on the Mollies. McParlan was known as an active leader of the organization, and his life was in danger, not only from the Mollies, but also from other citizens.

McParlan had been ordered to furnish a man to kill a mine superintendent who had incurred the enmity of a Molly. In order to gain time McParlan promised to obey, but kept delaying on one pretext or another. At last he took two men and some whisky and pretended to start. He got the men drunk and kept them drunk for two days. Then he started back, congratulating himself that he had saved another life, but on reaching town he learned that the mine superintendent had been murdered.

A crowd gathered, and some of the men recognized McParlan as a Molly leader. They started to lynch him, but he showed his usual nerve, and, drawing two revolvers, calmly walked through the crowd. Although he had failed in saving the superintendent's life, he determined that he would at least help to capture the murderers. Going into a hotel, he wrote a few words on several slips of paper and dropped them in the street where they could be readily found. They were picked up and a posse, acting on the hint, was organized and went after the murderers. They were subsequently hanged.

"The Air Is Polluted."

Finally, suspected by the Mollies, hated and feared by respectable citizens who did not know his real character, and half sick from the strain of the work, he begged to be relieved. "I am sick and tired of this work," he wrote in one of his reports. "I hear of murder and bloodshed in all directions. The air is polluted. I can't stand it much longer." Indeed, he would surely have been killed if he had remained, for the feeling was strong against him. So, toward the end of 1875 he returned to Philadelphia and was warmly welcomed by the Pinkertons.

In the following spring came the trials of about 50 men accused of murder or of complicity in murder. In the course of his opening for the government the district attorney startled the audience in the courtroom by announcing that among the witnesses who would be offered by the state was a man who for years had lived in the county, had associated with the Mollies, had been a member of the order, was familiar with its crimes and was prepared to identify the murderers.

This witness was known to the people of the coal regions as James McKenna, but his real name was James McParlan, and he was a detective, said the district attorney. When McParlan was called to the witness stand the audience could scarcely believe that the quiet, gentlemanly, yet cool and resolute detective was the wild and reckless Jim McKenna they had known.

Eleven Mollies Hanged.

McParlan was on the stand four days. He told his story simply and amazed every one by his revelations. The most searching cross-examination failed to find a flaw in his testimony. When he told the story of his being suspected of being a detective, intense silence prevailed in the court room. For the first time the prisoners manifested uneasiness. There were many Mollies present, and they listened with blanched cheeks to the recital.

At the close of the trials Pres Gowan paid a fine tribute to McParlan. After warning the public that if there was another murder in that county by that society there would be "an inquisition for blood with which nothing that had been known in the annals of criminal jurisprudence could compare," he added:

"And to whom are we indebted for the security we now have? To whom do we owe all this? Under the divine providence of God, to whom be all the honor and glory, we owe this safety to James McParlan, and if ever there was a man to whom the people of this county should erect a monument, it is James McParlan, the detective."

As a result of the trials 11 men were hanged, and about 40 others sent to state prison. That was a death blow to the Mollies. They have not been heard from since then. And now, after a generation, McParlan is one of the central characters in the great drama, one of the scenes of which is being enacted in Idaho.

HANDKERCHIEF NOVELTIES.

Novel Designs Complementing the Season's Dress Fabrics.

The subject of handkerchiefs is an unusually interesting one this season. Here, as in every other necessary of woman's costuming, novelty presents itself in the most fascinating guises.

It is the colored handkerchief, strange as it may seem, which claims first place; and this too, with the smartest dressers. The old prejudice against the handkerchief carrying even the slightest suggestion of color has been entirely forgotten, and by those, too, whose exclusive tastes permitted in the old days the selection of only the neatest hemstitched and most unobtrusive embroidered pure white affairs.

These new affairs are absolutely irresistible in their dainty colorings and designs. The linen is of the finest, and the designs the most artistic. The Japanese tendency which dominates the costume world is traceable in many of the best designs.

The majority of these handkerchief novelties have a narrow colored hem in pink, blue, green or yellow, in the palest tint. Some show border effects in conventionized flower designs, the flower centers a bit of delicate hand embroidery executed in finest cotton or linen threads. Clusters of tiny diamonds, polka-dots and squares in one or two colors alternate inside of the colored hem, with embroidery dots usually in white, though sometimes in color. Then there are the plaid handkerchiefs, with and without a plain-colored hem. These are more often in two-tone effects, and show a bit of fine handwork in a corner design in the form of a tiny flower spray in the place of the initial.

Initial handkerchiefs, by the way, are still good style, but they come only in the plain whites, and not in novelty colored affairs.

Some very pretty patterns show the colored printings in corner and border designs, embroidered over with tiny dots, and naturally the more embroidery these handkerchiefs carry the higher they are marked in price.

Another novelty shown among the most exclusive patterns has the daintiest finish imaginable in the form of a very narrow lace edge, hand-made lace, by the way. These, of course, are more or less expensive, but the clever and ingenious girl may buy the plain handkerchiefs and set on the lace herself with very gratifying results, both as to effect and price.

Polka-dots are well represented, doubtless because of the prominence given this design in dress fabrics this season.

Checks also are not without favor, so the summer girl will find little difficulty in matching her dainty frocks with handkerchiefs, complementing them in both color and design.

THREE DISHES OF CHICKEN.

All Good, and Among Them the Old Fashioned Stew.

Chickens should be cut up clean and seasoned over night or for a few hours. It improves the flavor. Cook all chicken slowly. Prepare the three following recipes:

Louisiana Chicken.—Roll each piece of seasoned chicken in flour, put in iron frying pan and cover with clots of butter and one pint of milk. Cover tightly with weights on lid and bake in slow oven. When the milk has simmered down add another pint and bake until tender.

Old-Fashioned Stewed Chicken.—One small minced onion to a tablespoonful of butter, fry golden brown, then add one tablespoon of flour, mix well, then one cup of tomatoes, pinch of ginger, cook up, and then add one pint of water and then chicken. Cook slowly and add more water if needed.

Chicken Hash.—Mince cold chicken and one green pepper and one-half can of button mushrooms, and add all to a rich cream gravy and season. For the gravy one tablespoon of butter, mix with one of flour, and add one cup of milk or more.

How to Clean Paint Brushes.

So many people renovate their own houses now, and repaint and touch up their garden railings, that the following hint may be of some use. When you have finished painting put your brushes into a stone pot in which you have melted some soft soap and soda in a little boiling water. Whisk the brushes round and round in this; change the water, add more soap and soda, and so on until the brushes are clean; rinse them in warm water, and leave them standing in cold water until you wish to use them again. If they have become dry and hard, rinse them in turpentine before washing them.

Sweeping the Invalid's Room.

Most of us know how untidy a sick room becomes, and how annoying the dust of the sweeping is to the patient. "To remedy this," said a trained and capable nurse recently, "I put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water, and with my mop wrung as dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up all the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take what is too large to adhere to the mop and raise no dust. With my dust cloth well sprinkled I go over the furniture, and the room is fairly clean."

For Spotless Windows.

Apply a little paraffin with a well-worn sponge or chamois leather if you want to have spotless windows. Rub them over with a damp duster, then finish with a thoroughly clean, dry duster. By this treatment the glass will acquire a brilliant polish and will keep clean much longer.

"SPARTA OF JAPAN"

GEN. KUROKI, MILITARY GENIUS OF MIKADO'S COUNTRY.

Something of Representative of Island Empire Who Is Now Visiting This Country—Descendant of Polish Nobleman.

New York.—In was in 1884 that a prince of Sweden, whose name history does not reveal, visited Japan as a guest of the nation. A graduate of the military schools of Europe, the visitor was reputed to be one of the leading princes of his time in skill as a military strategist and tactician. There was detailed as his escort a quiet-spoken staff officer of the mikado's army, a man with the taciturnity of a Grant and the face of a Sheridan. As he was completing his visit the prince turned to his escort and said:

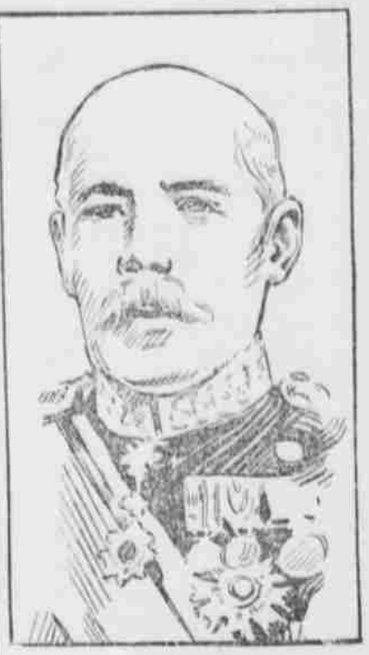
"I thought I had learned all that there was to know of tactics and strategy, but you have shown me that there was much more knowledge to be obtained on military matters than can be had in the schools of Europe. Taking your schooling from us you have greatly improved on everything that we taught."

The staff officer to whom the prince paid this high compliment was Gen. Itei Kuroki, the now celebrated warrior who commanded the First army corps in the war with Russia, and who rendered such conspicuous service that Field Marshal Oyama referred to him as his "strong right arm." Gen. Kuroki is now in this country on a mission to the Jamestown exposition.

Born 62 years ago in Satsuma, the "Sparta of Japan," Kuroki at an early age entered the military service of the mikado, and rose grade by grade from the lower ranks, attaining in 1894 the rank of lieutenant general. That was the year of Japan's war with China, and in that conflict Kuroki commanded the Sixth division of the invading army. It is related that his division had been scheduled to be the last one to be embarked for the invasion of China, and that Kuroki chafed so much over the inaction that he fretted himself into a state of illness. But immediately the troops were landed and the smoke of battle began to roll from the front all of Kuroki's illness vanished and he joyously exclaimed: "Ah, this makes me well again."

From the very beginning of the war with Russia, Kurogi halted the world's attention by the display of his military skill. Then it was that people began to inquire more closely about this warrior whose military genius shone so resplendent. Efforts were made to trace his origin, and although the inquirers found little assistance from the silent soldier, it was finaly ascertained that he was of Polish origin. A nephew of the general, who was then pursuing his studies in Europe, wrote a letter in which he said that Kuroki's father was a polish nobleman who had fled from Russia after the revolution of 1831. This nobleman, whose name was Kourowski, first went to Paris, afterward to Turkey, later joining the Holland troops in Borneo. From Borneo he went to Japan and there married a Japanese. From the union was born Kuroki, who, because of the nationality of his father, was nicknamed "The Pole."

It is said that the general is very proud of his Polish origin, and that he has always cherished the dying wish of his father that his son would some



GEN. KUROKI.
(Japan's "Pole" Who Is Now Visiting This Country.)

day be able to take vengeance on the Russians for their cruel treatment of unhappy Poland.

Kuroki's genius for war was never more conspicuous than in the great turning movement at Liao-yang. When Kuropatkin threw the whole weight of his army upon the angle held by Kuroki, he should, according to all military precedent, have destroyed his foe. But Kuroki not only held the enemy at bay, but held them long enough for a supporting column to turn their flank.

Kuroki's part in the last great battle, that of Mukden, was that of a fierce and vigorous attack upon the very strong position that was held by the Russian center, not with any hope of carrying it, but in order to force Kuropatkin to carry out the movement which ultimately led to his destruction.

MINERS' OFFICIAL ON TRIAL.

William D. Haywood Charged With Conspiracy to Commit Murder.

Boise, Idaho.—William D. Haywood, who has been placed on trial in this city for the alleged murder of former

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.
(On Trial for Complicity in Steunenberg Murder.)

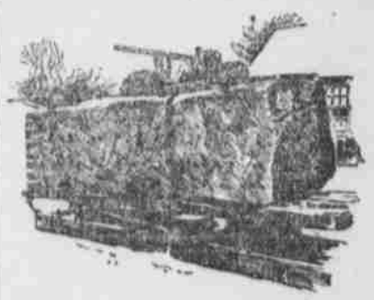
Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, was secretary treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, and was in Denver, Col., at the time (December 30, 1905,) that Steunenberg was blown to pieces by a bomb that had been placed at the gate of his home in Caldwell, a suburb of Boise. Haywood is reputed to have been the virtual head of the miners' organization. That he was the brains of the association seems to be indisputable; and the enemies of Haywood declare that Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, was but a figurehead in the conduct of affairs. Haywood has long been known as an energetic official and a man of radical views. In recent years he has been a Socialist in politics, and in 1904 openly avowed that the Western Federation of Miners stood for Socialism and was working for the triumph of that doctrine. Last autumn, though a prisoner in Idaho, he was the nominee of the Socialist party for governor of Colorado.

Frank Steunenberg was a remarkable man, mentally and physically—a man of great force of character and courage. He stood seven feet in his stockings and was built in proportion. Born in Iowa in 1861, he spent his boyhood in that state, and in 1887 he went to Idaho, then a territory, where with his brother he started a newspaper. He took to politics naturally, and was chosen a member of the convention that framed the Idaho state constitution. He was next elected to the legislature, and speedily became so popular that he was boomed for governor. To this office Steunenberg was twice elected, his last term expiring in 1901. Until December, 1899, he never had been east of the Mississippi. He was a defender of Mormonism on the principle that it had as much right to existence as any other religious denomination, and he was also an advocate of woman suffrage. Steunenberg frequently used to say that he was certain he was a marked man.

TO HOLD M'KINLEY'S BODY.

Stone from Which Sarcophagus Will Be Carved.

Boston.—The body of William McKinley will rest in a green granite sarcophagus in his tomb at Canton, O., that of his wife beside it in a similar stone receptacle. The accompanying picture shows the stone from which the sarcophagus for the martyred president's body is to be made, as it appeared when hoisted recently from the quarry in Windsor, Vt. The stone is nine by five feet and weighs 17 tons. A cap weighing one ton is to be made from a smaller block. The



Stone for McKinley Sarcophagus.

stone was purchased from the Enright granite quarry at a cost of $700 in the rough. The illustration shows the block placed on sledges ready to be hauled to the railroad.

Pepper for Rats.

Jeptha Coleman, of Atchison, Kan., gets rid of mice and rats by wrapping cayenne pepper in a cloth and stuffing it into the holes where the animals pass in and out. They gnaw at the rags, and the first thing they know they have a dose of the pepper that makes them wish they had not been so industrious. Mr. Coleman does not know whether they sneeze themselves to pieces or simply hike to the neighbors. Anyhow, thy disappear.

No matter what the poetry books say about One Love, it is a fact that it is easier to transfer a heart than it it to transfer a piece of real estate.